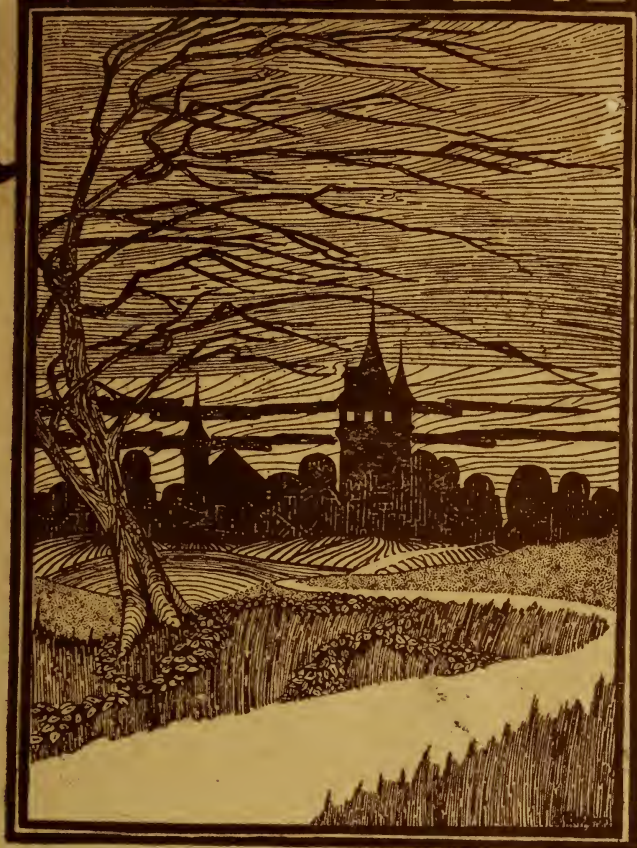


THE CHIMES



SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

JANUARY ISSUE, 1927

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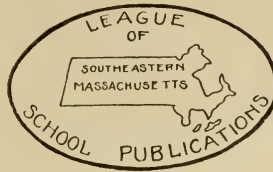
THE CHIMES

Vol. 4.

January, 1927

No. 1.

Member of



Published by the Students of the Scituate High School,
Scituate, Massachusetts.

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The Editorial Staff wishes to express appreciation of the school spirit that the student body has manifested in our drive for material. A more varied list of contributors was the result of the co-operation of the students. It is hoped that the good work that has been started will be kept up and that the same spirit will be shown in preparation for the next issue.

Hearty thanks is also due the advertisers of the town who by their continued support have made it possible for us to carry on the publication of the CHIMES. They have indeed been very generous and have responded readily to the letters which were sent out to them.

EDITORIALS



HOME LIFE

Home life, it is often said, is the embodiment of the life of our Nation. Our great ship of state has been sailing on through the years, not always, it is sure, in calm waters. Out of the storms and squalls it has come, scarred and quivering oftentimes, but ultimately strengthened by new experiences and new hopes.

A home that means nothing will result in a national life that will mean nothing to Americans. If our home ties are weak, the ties of our national life will be weakened, also. At the present time, home to the young people, does not seem to count; it is but a place to eat and sleep, all other time being spent seeking "thrills" and "happiness."

Editorial after editorial, essay after essay, has been written on the evils and corruptions of the modern generation. Because a few cases have been brought to the attention of the public of an occasional sad happening, the result perhaps of a wild party of youngsters, some mothers immediately become protective, take stock of the liberties of their sons and daughters; and the result is they are allowed no liberties at all. They are virtually "tied to their mothers' apron strings." On the other hand there are the parents who allow their youngsters too many liberties, leaving to their young minds the judgment of questions that they are not capable of judging.

What the young people of today are pleading for is understanding. If mothers and fathers would be *human*; if they would only understand that the sons and daughters of today

are capable of deciding their small problems, but need the co-operation of their parents in deciding the bigger things of life; if parents and children would co-operate, home life would truly become the embodiment of the life of our Nation and the result would be a cleaner, stronger nation, a corps of bright, upstanding young men and women, ready to carry and work out the problems of their fathers and mothers.

RUTH LAVANGE, '27.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE

In the Boston Traveler I recently read that when a pilot wrecks his airplane, his superior officers ship him off, immediately, to another plane so that he will not lose his nerve, the theory being that if the pilot is left to himself, he will "moon" over his accident and be afraid to attempt to fly another plane.

This same theory holds true in the case of your sons and daughters when they start out on their life's career.

If your son fails to get a job at once after leaving high school, or if after getting his job he loses it, don't tell him that he is "dumb" and that you knew he couldn't hold a job. This kind of chatter breaks him to pieces; he loses his nerve just as the pilot is likely to do.

Instead of nagging at your son, boost him! Tell him he will do better next time. If you see that he is really trying but doesn't seem to be getting ahead, may be it's because he is not sure of his abilities; not so forward as others are.

Give him a chance!

BERTHA ROBERTS, '27.

THE SUPPORT OF OUR TOWNSPEOPLE

Should the people of the town of Scituate support the Athletics of our High School? This is coming to be one of the most important questions confronting the townspeople.

As the situation now stands, we haven't enough money to finance a football team or a basket ball team. We shall have to work for our money, by giving entertainments and candy and food sales.

Most all of the students of Scituate High will in the future be citizens of the town of Scituate; and our physical fitness is as important as our mental fitness. If we lack physical strength, we will lie down on our jobs; if we have physical strength, we will be able to persevere in our work for the town.

The student who, in his school days, is interested in some sport will make a better citizen. So if the town of Scituate will help us finance the sports of our high school, we shall pay them back in the future.

J. WELCH, '30.

HOW OUR TOWN COULD BE IMPROVED

The Business Manager of the CHIMES, in letters which were sent out to the advertisers, inclosed a request for criticism or suggestions in regard to our school paper. One advertiser suggested that editorials be written by the students on the subject, "How your town should be improved as it appears to the scholars of the High School." This suggestion was acted upon, and each class in an English period of forty minutes was asked to write on this subject. As it was impossible to publish all these editorials, or even the best of them, it was decided to condense them into one article.

The students made many suggestions, some of which were entirely feasible. On the whole all the students seemed to realize that they could take an active part in any improvement that was made.

A suggestion that refuse cans be placed in conspicuous places throughout the town was made in more than one editorial. The inadequacy of the present Town Hall was mentioned and suggestions were made that the Hall be repaired or rebuilt. The responsibility of the students was commented on and many editorials condemned the practice of carvings and marking on public property. Roads, dumps, railroad crossings, sidewalks, telephone service, and neatness, — all in turn received comment. One point was especially stressed in regard to neatness and cleanliness, and that was the responsibility of each person in keeping his own yard clean, his own lawn trim, and his house and outbuildings neat and painted.

One student made note of the lack of interest in voting. It was remarked that the townspeople should realize that voting is a duty and at the same time a privilege and that they should vote for the man who they think is really best fitted for the office for which he is running.

Another suggestion for improving and beautifying the town concerned the appearance of the beaches. Scituate is noted for its beautiful beaches but they cannot be beautiful unless they are clean. It was suggested that a man be hired to clear the kelp and seaweed from the beaches about three or four times a year, especially after a very high tide or a storm.

Some of the points which the students made are quoted below.

"A town can be no better than the inhabitants of that town make it."

"No nation can long endure without true honest citizens. A true citizen is one who wants to do all he is able for his nation and his town."

"School property, parks, and athletic supplies are not to be destroyed, but used carefully."

"Improving the town by the work of one person is like improving the school by the work of one pupil."

"Everyone cannot afford to live in wonderful houses with wonderful surroundings; but neatness and cleanliness cost little."

"'Hitch your wagon to a star' and make your town better than the best."

"Co-operation is the foundation upon which improvement rests."

"The answer to all questions of how we may improve our town is co-operation. Come on! Let's all co-operate and make Scituate really and truly 'The Gem of the South Shore.' "

SCHOOL SPIRIT

When the air becomes cool and tingling and crisp, and the leaves are turning color, and the football team is called out for practice, — then the old school spirit turns over in its grave and comes to life.

The first game of the season that the team wins settles all doubt, and welds the spirit together with a grip which cannot be broken. From then on till the last game the old school spirit is there. The rooters roar themselves hoarse, and the team settles its nose into the mud and holds. After holding until it is ready to drop, it has to push.

Then comes the time when the spirit slaps each man on the back and says, "Come on, old man; push a little bit. Remember the other team is just as tired as you are." The team takes a long, deep breath and jams the cleats down into the muck and fights. Every inch gained gives it more strength. Then the rooter goes crazy — and who can blame him, with the team down there in the mud fighting for every inch and slowly gaining — and all because of that indefinable something, called "School Spirit."

STURGIS EVANS, '27.

THE VALUE OF COMPETITION

Did you ever stop to think of what competition — I mean "honest" competition, — does for us and to us?

We may naturally be slow, lazy, unambitious, but introduce the element of competition and immediately our "plodding" selves wake up. We are no longer "plodding," we are ardently striving.

In our effort to out-do, to overcome the other fellow, we concentrate our minds, our forces, grasp after progressive ideas and fairly plow ahead to more efficient accomplishment. Isn't it true, therefore, that competition adds the necessary incentive, inspiration, and energy to any kind of work?

Competition is really a race to see who can do a *little* better, achieve a result a *little more nearly* ideal than the other fellow.

LYDIA STEARNS, '26.

LITERARY

THE RISING STAR

"Oh, if something would only happen," sighed Paula Grey. She was sitting on the front porch of her grandmother's hotel, the Sea-Side Inn. "I never saw such a crazy place. Not a thing happening all day long. If it hadn't been for Grandmother's fussiness, I might have been in the mountains with Millie having a wonderful time." Paula's lip quivered in self-pity.

"Mail for you," called a cheery voice from the step.

Paula jumped up, dashing tears from her eyes.

"This is the first mail that has come this week," she cried, "and today is Wednesday. Oh, Uncle Ted," she asked, "did you ever see such a dull time?"

The old man's face grew thoughtful. "Well," he said, "you see I've lived here all my life, so I don't mind it much. But I suppose it's different for you, coming here to live away from the city. I suppose you miss the bustle and the excitement," he said.

"Miss it!" exclaimed Paula, as she took the mail and entered the house. "Only one letter for me," she thought, "wonder who the other is from. That's for Grandma; looks kind of important and interesting."

She tossed the letters into her grandmother's lap and strolled into the garden to read the letter from her chum.

Paula, deeply interested in Millie's account of the mountain camp, was startled to hear her grandmother's petty voice calling her. Impatiently she jammed the letter into her pocket and ran into the house.

"Paula," began her grandmother, "you must prepare the four east bedrooms right away."

"The four—," began Paula.

"Yes," interrupted her grandmother. "Mr. John Brown — whoever that may be, he says he's a movie director — is coming here sometime today with his leading lady and the rest of the paraphernalia. He says something about taking the historical points of interest around here. But come, you must get the rooms fixed. I'll ring for Marie and Hannah to help you."

Paula's eyes were shining. A real movie director coming here to screen the town. A real movie director — John Brown, of all people! She knew all about him. Hadn't she seen his latest picture, "Bubbling Over," starring Roberta LaSalle. And to think she was coming here to stay! Paula ran from the room and upstairs.

At two that afternoon the door-bell rang. Paula ran and

opened the door. That tall, striking-looking man must be Mr. Brown.

"Come in, sir," she said shyly. And then — right behind him was the prettiest girl Paula had ever seen. And it was — it must be Roberta LaSalle, the leading lady.

John Brown introduced himself and the three other people with him to Paula and her grandmother.

"The rest of the bunch are up on the hill camping," he explained briefly. "They preferred the open to staying at a hotel, however charming it might be."

"I'm sure we're going to be fast friends before I leave," said Roberta LaSalle. "Now if you will show me where my room is, — because I'm very tired," and she slipped her hand into Paula's.

Paula found that the movie star joined in all kinds of sports but swimming.

"It may seem funny to you," she said, "but I never have been to the seashore but once before in my life."

Paula's eyes were very big. Why, she had been able to swim ever since she was six years old. If she couldn't swim, she would think she was losing half the joy of life. When she left the room, she was calling Miss LaSalle "Bobby," and to the famous girl star of movie-land she was already "Paulie."

The next morning Paula got up about six o'clock for her morning dip. In her red bathing suit she was a sight for weary eyes. She ran happily down to the beach. "I want to get back before Bobby gets up," she thought. "Poor child, she can't swim! Why I must teach her; she's losing half the fun of life." She stopped short by the dock and drew on her red cap. Her eyes swept the water and then she paled. There was the girl star of the movies way out beyond the float. Yes! It must be she. "But what in the world is she doing without a cap?" thought Paula. Then she heard a shout for help.

Paula thought only of her new friend. She dived into the water and with a few strong, swift strokes reached the girl and began swimming toward the float.

She sat on the float breathing quickly. Suddenly she felt Bobby's eyes on her with amazement in their clear depths. She glanced up and for the first time noticed the whole group of movie people on the rock opposite her.

Suddenly the realization came to her that she must have broken into the screening of a picture. Her face grew rosy with pain and surprise. Then she slipped from the float into the water and swam toward the shore. Not heeding the cries of "Wait, Paula," she ran into the house and up into her tiny room.

What would they think of her! Brainless idiot; she thought. She threw herself onto the bed and began to cry. Presently

she felt an arm go around her neck and turning, she looked into the smiling eyes of Bobby.

"Don't cry, silly," she said. "That was done really to catch you. Mr. Brown wanted to get you into the picture but didn't dare ask you for fear your grandmother might object. You fell into the trap easily, my dear," she laughed.

"Mr. Brown wanted me in the picture?" repeated Paula confusedly.

"Yes, goosie, and we want you to be in the rest of the picture to take the part of my sister. Do you think your grandmother would object?"

"I believe she could be coaxed," replied Paula. "But I don't see why you should want me."

"Well," began Bobby, "to make a long story short, Mr. Brown saw you down on the beach in your bathing suit, and thinking you resembled me, he decided to come down here and screen part of the picture. He wanted some one to take the part of my sister but couldn't find any one he liked until he saw you. Do you suppose you can come back to New York with me and stay until the picture is over?"

"Why, I'm sure Grandmother wouldn't object after she knew the whole of it. If you add your persuasion to my plea, I know she will consent and I — why I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything," advised Bobby, "but get dressed and come down to breakfast."

To Paula's surprise her grandmother consented right away to the plan.

"Why," she wrote to Millie two weeks later, "why I could call this place dull! I've been on the jump with Bobby ever since she came. When I haven't been working, I've been showing the town off. Working! Doesn't that sound grand? But to think — I'm in the movies! Put that in capital letters if you wish; I'd like to! Wait until you see the picture. It's going to be released soon. I'm going to New York with Bobby in three days. She's a year older than I, but she missed a class so she's a senior, too. We're going to have private tutoring and everything. But the best part of it is I'm earning money and don't have to be dependent upon Grandmother. I'm so glad I didn't go to the mountains with you because if I had, I wouldn't have had this chance. I'll write you when I reach New York." Thus Paula finished her summer career.

Bobby fell in love with the little, old-fashioned town cuddled up near the ocean. Without letting Paula know, she wrote her mother, and between her and Paula's grandmother, she bought the plot of ground next to the hotel and began preparations for a summer home.

Paula wondered who was beginning the magnificent house, and was completely surprised when Bobby broke the news.

"Oh, that will be wonderful!" she said. "We can come down

during the winter. You see," she explained in a slightly husky voice, "I'm going to miss my dull little town very much. I didn't know I loved it so until I thought of going away for good. How I ever found it dull, I don't know! Why there are millions of things to do. Say — Bob, let's go in swimming! Race you to the beach!"

VELMA DAMON, '28.

SETTING A GOAL

There are a great many men who are very poor and start with mere nothing, but by hard work and great energy, make a mark for themselves.

One man who is now president of a college in Bowling Green, Kentucky, must have set his goal when a small boy as he is now only twenty-three years of age. He tells of a time when he applied for a position, and the man said, "Come back in five years and I will give you the job." The young man replied, "I should not want the job then. I should want something better by that time." The man changed his mind and gave him the position.

Another man started his remarkable career with only a twenty-five cent bag of apples. He graduated from the ranks of push-cart peddlers to become one of the greatest fruit and vegetable merchants of the world. It well might be said of him that he hitched his push-cart to a star.

The average person knows if he is to accomplish much of anything, he will have to do it practically by main force. While the average person is traveling, perhaps the brilliant one is sitting back thinking he might get there by some short-cut, but there are not many short cuts in a business field.

A business man once made this remark to his grandson, "Never fly higher than you can roost. For it is a fact," he said, "you can't sit pretty unless you sit tight."

If every one would set his goal when he was young, it would help him in every respect.

MILDRED YOUNG, '30.

AUTUMN

A mellow haze on the hillside,
A sun-tipped glow on the brook,
A flood of russet color
In every cranny and nook.

A splash of glowing sumac,
Fleecy clouds in the sky,
A splendor of purple asters,
And wild geese flying by.

PRISCILLA COLE, '28.

THE WAY OF LIFE

The flakes of snow were slowly filtering down from above. The whole city was bathed in an orange hue from the rising moon. Here and there a street light reflected and flashed on the icy pavement.

Perhaps the grandest spectacle of all was the huge Palace Theatre. Across the front in brilliantly lighted letters shone "Suzanne." The lobby was crowded by admirers seeking admittance. Women in jewels and furs, leaning on the arms of their escorts, and people not as well dressed comprised "Suzanne's" admirers.

Behind the huge sparkling and swaying curtain was the most interesting scene of all. The back-stage was divided into numerous dressing rooms. The largest and most noticeable of all was the room occupied by the smiling little French actress. Seated on a high stool before a huge mirror and surrounded by flowers, the little actress was undergoing distinct changes for the better. Her hair, a straight French bob, was being sleeked down by the deft fingers of one girl; while another arranged her dress. She sat with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on her palms, and gravely watched the procedure of "making up."

When the orchestra struck up a gay march she hurriedly prepared to go onto the stage. A little laugh, and she had disappeared from the wings in a flurry of color.

The admiring audience greeted her, and she bowed pertly and flashed them one of her well known smiles. Her dancing and singing was strictly Parisian. She was applauded overgenerously, and her exit was made amidst a shower of flowers. She was encored again and again. Finally she entered her dressing room, tears in her eyes.

When interviewed by a reporter from a well known newspaper, she said in her broken English that she loved the audiences "Americaine." The morning papers were full of accounts of Suzanne's first performance in the city. The crowds had gone wild over her — the city claimed her as their own.

Several years later in a dark, cold, poorly-furnished room a fever-racked form tossed on a bed. The lovely little face was thin and tired-looking. A young girl was her only attendant. She moved quietly about the room, now and then soothing the patient. Yes, it was "Suzanne," surrounded by all these proofs of poverty. Now in her illness and need her admiring audiences had forgotten her very existence. They had acclaimed a new idol to shower with their admirations.

Such is the way of Life.

KATRINE SCHUYLER, '27.

CHARLIE'S ADVENTURE

A Bedtime Story

Charlie Chirp, a little black Cricket, lived with his mother and father and his brothers in a pretty little house on Cricket Lane. Charlie wasn't very popular with the other crickets because he couldn't sing very well. His voice was rather cracked. Charlie really loved to sing; but every time he tried, the other crickets hopped away so that they wouldn't hear him.

One day, snubbed by all the crickets, Charlie decided to take a walk. So he put on his shiny black suit and a nice new shiny hat. He set forth humming softly to himself so that the other crickets wouldn't hear him. He hopped briskly down Cricket Lane; then turned and hopped along Human's Lane. He knew that he was foolish to do it but, nevertheless, he hopped bravely down the lane.

He hadn't gone far, when he saw a girl coming his way. Charlie tried to hide, but he was too late. The girl laughed with glee and picked up poor Charlie.

She put him in a tiny box that had holes in it, and said in a happy voice: "There, Mr. Cricket, you're going to visit my biology class. I was trying to think of something to take."

Charlie's little heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, as he bounced around in the little box. He felt of his head and discovered that the girl had knocked off his hat when she had picked him up. Charlie began to wonder what his mother would say to him now that he had lost his new hat.

The poor little cricket crawled into a corner of the box and cried softly to himself. All of a sudden he discovered that the top had been taken off the box, and that a group of girls were looking at him. Charlie tried to escape but it was impossible.

In a few moments the girl replaced the cover and Charlie began to be bounced around again.

In a short time Charlie discovered that the box had stopped that constant bouncing and was perfectly still. Charlie peeked out of one of the holes in the box and found that the box had been placed on a long flat place. He wondered where he could be. He tried to push the cover off, but his efforts were fruitless.

Failing in his efforts, Charlie settled down in the corner of the box to await fate.

He waited. Then he saw the cover of the box slowly being lifted. His chance! Charlie gave a huge jump, and fell into space. Poor Charlie thought he'd never land, but he did, and with such a bang that he almost lost his breath.

Charlie, however, lost no time in making his escape. He glanced quickly about him, and in the distance he discovered his native land. Charlie hopped quickly to the door, down the

steps, and into the green grass. Oh! how good it seemed to be in the grass once more!

He looked back and saw the girl who had captured him come running down the steps. Charlie began to hop as fast as he could, and as he hopped, he discovered that he was on Human's Lane. Just ahead was beloved Cricket Lane.

He gained the lane and ran right into a worried group of crickets. Poor Charlie was so tired that he just fainted into the arms of the old crickets that came to meet him.

That night there was great rejoicing in Cricket Village because Charlie had returned from a Human Capture. The crickets no more laughed at Charlie's singing, but acclaimed him their hero because he was the bravest in the community.

KATHERINE SOMERS, '27.

WHAT NEXT?

A little less than a score of years ago an automobile ride was an adventure, undertaken with thrills and peril. And why not? Did they not go clanking and bumping along at the tremendous rate of fifteen miles an hour when some intrepid driver, clad in goggles and monstrous ulster, with no regard for the consequences or his hereafter, "kept it wide open" for a while. This appalling rate of speed was always sure to overheat the engine or break something after a mile or so. It was in no spirit of fun then, that some one conceived the slogan, "Get out and get under." To change a tire meant that the trip was spoiled, for it took from two to three hours to change the tire or to strap a clumsy blow-out patch on and proceed.

Today on the speedways of America a tire change is made in twelve seconds, for in a race of this kind every second is precious. It stands to reason then, that to avoid tire changes, tires will be made that will last throughout this terrific grinding of over one hundred and thirty-six miles per hour. Then again to stand this grind there must be fewer working parts to wear or get loose in the race.

The engine that is used today in most cars is of the four cycle type; that is, there are four strokes to each revolution: namely, intake, compression, force and exhaust. There is now being perfected a new type of engine, a two-cycle engine; combining two strokes into one; thus while firing, it is also drawing in gas vapor for the next explosion. On the up stroke it exhausts while it is compressing the gas that was taken in in the last stroke. This type of engine will cut in half the number of times working parts will have to function, thereby creating a new field of speed that is possible because of the lessened probability of valve breakage, one of the most frequent of racing car troubles. It is hard to comprehend the

speed at which these little cars travel, almost five times as fast as the majority of people drive their cars.

If you are standing near one of the banks of the speedway, you will see a car coming toward you at the rate of one hundred and thirty-five miles an hour. Probably the rider is way up on the straightaway. If he is, he will seem to just fall from there and swoop down toward the bank. When the driver is on the far bank, you hear only a high nasal whine. Then the rider drops toward you and you hear the rattle of a thousand machine guns, sounding like a snarl of hate, gradually fading into a dull roar as it approaches the opposite bank.

Can you imagine one of the high seated, wheeled wonders of fifteen or twenty years ago performing this feat? To add to this, the engines used in these cars are of the 91.5 cubic inch variety, just one-fourth the size of the engine used in a Ford car. And there are also eight cylinders in these engines.

When you see the improvement that has been made in this line in the past twenty years, you think it is marvelous; but this is only part of its development, for with the advent of the two-cycle engine, the speed of cars may double, and even the most conservative mechanics and drivers expect that racing cars will eventually reach the three-mile-a-minute mark. Then what?

PAUL QUINN, '27.

THE STORM

Up to'rds the north the clouds grow black,
And the wind is rising high.
The herder hurries to his shack;
The farmer leaves his scythe.
Up in the heavens there is no sun;
The earth is wrapped in gloom;
The wind hurls leaves as if in fun;
How dark the mountains loom!
The wind grows mad and screams with rage;
The clouds race 'cross the sky
Like soldiers marching to the Front,
Where they will fight and die.
The rain comes down in sheets and beats
Against the window pane;
The cattle huddle near the house
For protection from the rain.
Up in the sky the lightning plays,
While the storm king beats his drum.
The trees bow down submissively;
For the God of Storms has come.

WALTER STONE, '27.

NEWS

Large black letters, always reporting some disastrous event, immediately warned the newly-arrived immigrant that the newspaper was reporting some terrible event. The whole first page, save for a large portrait of the leader, was given over to a general account of a fierce battle. The foreigner, after purchasing a paper, was stricken to learn that only eleven iron men had escaped the general slaughter, and had lasted the entire battle. He was dumfounded when he read farther and learned of the disastrous effect of the overhead attack. He always had hated aeroplanes, and this should teach the world that the use of them in war ought to be prohibited. The poor man was still more puzzled when he read that the losers had suffered few serious injuries; while the winners had only eleven men who were able to stand the onslaught of their opponents. Puzzling diagrams of the battle lines were absolutely undecipherable to him. His conclusion was that it must have been a running battle. The large picture of the surging mass, struggling with wooden crosses, awed him. Were the inhabitants of this famous country going to crucify the losers in battle? No such outbreaks were allowed in his native country. He caught sight of a cheering mob rushing up the street. With a dash he eluded them, quickly resolving to seek his fatherland. The cheering mass passed happily by, still praising Brown's Iron Men, who had just won another big victory; Brown 21; Harvard 0.

JOHN PROUTY, '26.

SCITUATE IN 1936

Two hundred airships flying high,
Airplane carriers sailing by;
Lawson tower standing o'er
As it always stood before,
The harbor views are all cut off,
By towering buildings extending aloft.
'Tis surely queer what time may claim,
But our old schoolhouse stands the same.

G. S., '28.

A COMPARISON

The city, the city, with traffic and noise
Mountain-like buildings, and numerous joys.
The young, the old, the slack and witty,
All just adore thee, O city! O city!

The country, the country, with ledges and mountains,
Seashores and hedges and natural fountains.
We love thee, O country! with acres of space
And think thee by far the much better place.

M. WESTINGTON, '30.

AUTUMN AT THE SEASHORE

Mother Nature is changing the garments of her children to many beautiful shades. We see the tiny Tree folk and the older Trees in their brilliant reds, beautiful bright colors, and warm orange colors. The tiny leaves, unable to cling to their Mother Tree longer, have fallen to the ground. They are blown from one place to another by old Mother West Wind, who is calling them all to rest.

The Stones are being hurled from Mother Ocean onto the sand which has had a wonderful warmth all summer, but is now cold and grey. It has lost the silver-like lustre which it has had all summer and has been gowned in a cold grey cloak. The tiny Stones and larger Stones are huddled all together trying to avoid the outstretched arms of Frost, the disastrous and vengeful worker of Winter. The tall, stately Trees have been disrobed of their beautiful green garments and have changed to a brown not altogether becoming. The entire sight is rather bare.

The mossers and fishermen have gathered their moss and lobster pots and put them away. The season of sunshine and warm weather is about to leave us. The air is becoming cold and brisk. The Wind at night rustles the trees, and you know that it means the approach of Winter — cold, biting Winter.

RUTH BEAN, '27.

NOVEMBER DAYS

November days, November ways
Have brought the chilly weather;
The clouds roll by o'er the sunny skies
As the birds fly all together.

The whistling winds through the branches play
As they whirl the leaves around;
The squirrels jump from branch to branch
And gather nuts from the ground.

The bountiful harvest which has been reaped
Brings tidings of the coming feast,
A day of joy and thanks to Him
Whose star shone in the East.

GERTRUDE WHERITY, '28.

DRIFTWOOD

Driftwood, coming from nowhere, going nowhere,
Drifting with the tide,
Lashed by storms, stilled by calms,
Seeking a place to bide;
Cast upon some dreary beach,
There to lie, to rot and bleach,
That is driftwood.

PAUL QUINN, '27.

SCHOOL NOTES

COMMERCIAL NOTES

On Friday, November 5, the commercial Seniors took a trip to the Ginn Publishing Company in Cambridge as a project in Economics. The trip was very interesting and helpful. The Seniors not only learned how school books are made, but that there is a right and a wrong way to treat any book.

Lydia Stearns has received a silver pin from the Remington Typewriter Company for writing fifty words a minute for fifteen minutes with only three errors.

Lillian Delay, Lydia Stearns and Catherine Welch have received their sixty-word certificates from the Gregg Company. They wrote shorthand at sixty words a minute for five minutes and transcribed it on the typewriter with 95 per cent accuracy.

This year's beginning class in commercial work is much larger than last year's, and three new seats have been put in the commercial room.

The Seniors have one period every day for a week in the office taking Mr. Martin's dictation. This is practical experience, and it is a great help in increasing their speed and accuracy.

All of the Seniors and all but one Junior have subscribed for the Gregg Writer. This makes a 95 per cent subscription list. This magazine is issued once a month, and it contains many helpful suggestions in both shorthand and typewriting.

CATHERINE WELCH, '27.

CLASS NOTES

The officers of the Senior Class are as follows: Miriam Tilden, President; Ruth LaVange, Vice-President; Catherine Welch, Secretary; Walter Stone, Treasurer.

The Class of '27 held a Halloween party October 29, 1926, at the home of Ethel Stonefield. The party proved to be a success. Three members of the Bridgewater High School were guests of the Seniors.

A food sale was held in the Assembly Hall of the High School October 16, 1926. The receipts of the sale totalled \$47.05.

For the past three years the Senior Class rings have been of the same design. This year the design was changed, and a very unusual ring was chosen by the class.

As the result of an accident, Ethel Stonefield has been confined to her home for several weeks.

Allan Coster, a former Senior, is attending Falmouth High School. He had been attending Scituate High School for a year.

FRANK WHITTAKER, '27.

CLASS NOTES—Continued

On November 2 the Junior Class held its first meeting of this year. The officers chosen are as follows: Sarah Baker, President; Katherine Somers, Vice-President; Velma Damon, Secretary; and Gertrude Wherity, Treasurer. The class decided that the dues would be fifty cents. All dues are to be in before the first of December.

Irma Champion, a former member of the Class of 1923, is back at Scituate High School, after having attended Cambridge High School for two months.

Each of the Commercial Juniors has different periods to take care of the office. This gives the pupils practice in office work.

On Friday, November 19, Sarah Baker held a party at her home. Many of the pupils of the Junior Class attended.

B. WELCH, '28.

The Sophomore Class gave a Hallow'en party to the Freshmen on October 22. It was held in the Assembly Hall. A good number attended from both classes.

The Sophomores have elected the following officers: President, Gertrude Jones; Vice-President, John Stewart; Secretary, Margaret Short; Treasurer, Virginia Russell.

Raymond Gillis, a member of the Sophomore Class, has broken his arm. He has been absent from school since this happened.

MARGARET SHORT, '29.

The Freshmen held a Class Meeting on October 28, 1926. The following officers were elected: Herbert Dwyer, President; Samuel Tilden, Vice-President; Ernest Dillon, Treasurer; and Mary Westington, Secretary. Blue and gold were chosen as the class colors.

B. F. BRESNAHAN, '30.

HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATICS

Although seven members of our orchestra were graduated last June, the organization numbers twenty-four this year, including ten Freshmen who have had valuable experience in Grammar School Orchestra.

Both of the glee clubs as well as the orchestras are doing exceptionally good work, and it is hoped that the public may be given an opportunity to hear them in one of the musical shows in which they have scored such success in previous years. But on account of the crowded schedule it is impossible to make a definite announcement in this issue.

BARBARA COLEMAN, '29.

ALUMNI NOTES

In an effort to make the Alumni Column of the CHIMES more interesting to the Alumni of Scituate High School, we sent out letters to the Alumni asking them for contributions for the Alumni Column of the paper. We did this because we felt that a "real" Alumni Column must be the work of the Alumni themselves.

The following are some of the contributions received.

My dear Miss Monahan:

After graduating from high school, I took a four years' course at the Massachusetts School of Art in Boston. I did teaching in the grades in Milton and North Adams, Massachusetts; then I graduated with B. S. degree and honorable mention.

This September I was elected to the staff of teachers at the Cleveland School of Art, Cleveland, Ohio. Here I am teaching evening and day classes.

My high school days will always be remembered as happy ones, and above all very valuable ones. I think the most valuable training that I got in high school was not art training, which I badly needed because I had only one year with a real art teacher, Mrs. Ward; but training in mathematics which helped me to figure things out and see through things. This quality came in very handy in Art School, especially in mechanical and architectural drafting, structural design and perspective.

I have always been more academic than one should be in the art field; because of this, I am trying daily to live it down.

This is not all that high school did for me, but I think that it gave me a start in the right direction, that is, to have a desire for a higher education, and also a right attitude toward life, people, and my work.

Hoping for all the success that I know you'll have with your high school magazine, I remain

Yours truly,

KENNETH F. BATES, '22.

Dear Alumni Editor:

Upon receipt of your letter yesterday my first tendency was to discard it, but upon a second thought I knew if every one had the same inclination your Alumni Column would not be a success.

There is no doubt that an Alumni Column will create a more decided interest in the school, as well as the paper. To establish a better circulation, you will find that the Alumni will support you in every way. To get their interest there must be an interesting Alumni Column. It is the only way we are able to get in contact with the activities of our classmates or the school. I, for one, am looking eagerly for your first edition.

Very sincerely, LEAVITT MORRIS, '25.

Class of 1910

Paul T. Litchfield is married and works for the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, Boston.

Velma Henderson is now Mrs. Lord and lives in Quincy.

Robert Hill is a dentist practising in Dorchester.

Edwin Otis works in a bank.

Irma Cole is now Mrs. Harold Talbot.

Helen S. Collier works in the Cohasset Hardware Store.

Joseph N. Murphy is proprietor of the Minot meat market.

Xoa D. Vickery is now Mrs. George Vollmer.

Class of 1911

Cecelia Ainslee is now Mrs. Fred Brown. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Eudora Bailey is now Mrs. William H. Bartlett. She is a graduate nurse.

Harold Cole lives in Greenbush and is the town tax collector.

Grace Bailey, a graduate of Bryant Stratton, now works in the Employer's Liability, Boston.

Gladys Roberts is the Postmaster at the North Scituate Post Office.

Olive Staples is part owner of a confectionery store in Boston.

Frank Litchfield is the Egypt Station Agent.

Class of 1912

Joel Manson is married and lives in Holden, Mass.

Marion Cole is Mrs. Fred L. Wright of Tacoma, Washington.

Dorothy Bailey is Mrs. Frederick Calkin of Springfield, Mass.

Henry E. Bearce is married and lives in Scituate.

Helen Ferguson is now Mrs. James Andrews of Greenbush.

Charlotte Reddy is now Mrs. Richard B. Hudson of North Scituate.

Eva Whittaker is now Mrs. Andrew Fillmore.

Class of 1913

Bessie B. Richardson is now Mrs. William Franzen of Scituate.

Lucy E. Walker is now Mrs. Harold Cook of Greenbush.

Class of 1914

Marion W. Bailey attended the Curry School of Expression and taught in Gloucester. She now holds the position of English teacher in Northeastern.

Madolyn E. Murphy graduated from the Westfield School of Library. She is now a librarian in Southbridge, Massachusetts.

Edward B. McCarthy was a Tech. student before he entered the service.

Ethel Bonney graduated from Simmons. She is now Mrs. James H. Stacey.

James H. Dunn is a former star of the Colby football team. He teaches in Lynn Classical High.

Ruth Clapp is now Mrs. Howard Wentworth.

Helen F. Jenkins is now Mrs. Sanford Fitts.

Lillian E. MacQuarrie (Mrs. Andrew Finnie) graduated from Bridgewater Normal School and also Posse Nissen. She taught history and physical education in Quincy, and later was supervisor of physical education in Brockton.

Genevieve F. Hoar graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music.

Irma Litchfield is now Mrs. Lot Bates and lives in Cohasset.

Mildred D. Litchfield, a graduate of Hyannis Normal School, is teaching in Quincy.

Frederick W. Stanley is engaged in truck-gardening in Greenbush.

Class of 1915

Olive A. Litchfield is a telephone operator at the Scituate Exchange.

Florence G. Newcomb is now Mrs. William Burton.

Fred Waterman is a florist in Scituate.

Henry Grant Doherty is practicing law in Minnesota.

Ethyl Duffey, a graduate of Pierce Shorthand School, is the secretary of Ellsworth Curtis.

Class of 1916

Phoebe E. Richardson, a graduate of Massachusetts Normal Art School, is a designer in R. H. White Co.

Celeste J. Callahan is now Mrs. William Murphy. She is a graduate of Bridgewater Normal School.

Eunice L. Clapp is now Mrs. Kendrigan and lives in Barre, Vermont.

Alice M. Cole, a graduate of Bridgewater Normal School, is teaching in Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Charles M. Brown now lives at West Palm Beach, Florida.

Thomas Connors is engaged in the leather business.

Estelle Fitts is now Mrs. Hartley Savage and resides at Greenbush.

John S. Fitts is engaged in the grain business at Greenbush.

Margaret L. Jellows is now Mrs. William G. Doucette.

William F. Murphy is a carpenter in Scituate.

Class of 1917

Edith B. Andrews is now Mrs. Wilson Hollis of Scituate Centre.

Mildred Lewis Appleford is now Mrs. Frank Tinney of Milford, Mass.

Lois H. Clapp is now Mrs. Humphrey Turner of Norwell, Mass.

Annie Elizabeth Wilder is a stenographer in an office in Boston.

Class of 1918

Leslie Bonney is a stenographer in Stickney and Poor's. She is a graduate of Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Frederick H. Haartz is employed by the Employer's Liability Co.

Philip P. Newcomb is an engineer in South Bend, Indiana.

Clinton Merritt is an electrician in North Scituate, Mass.

Hazel Ramsdell now lives in Boston.

Dorothy G. Simpson is a graduate of New England Conservatory of Music.

Fredericka W. Wade teaches in Maynard, Mass.

Grace E. Waterman teaches in Wellsley, Mass.

Class of 1919

Evelyn Merritt works in the Egypt Post Office.

Alice Webster is a dietitian in Washington, D. C.

The Alumni Notes of 1920-1926 will appear in the next issue of the CHIMES.

BESSIE MONAHAN, Alumni Editor.

Whitt: "I know of two fellows who always had a circus when they got together."

Short: "Who were they?"

Whitt: "Barnum and Bailey."

* * *

Freshman: "I make a motion that we adjourn the meeting."

Ding Murphy: "I decline the nomination."

A RAMBLE

Over the wall and down the slope,
Through the winding path, beneath the trees
To the rushing torrent of Fulling Mill Brook,
Where the Clethra blossoms to feed the bees.

When radiant sunset gilds the sky,
And the brown leaves flutter and dance in the breeze
When the shadows lengthen as night draws nigh
Carefree I wander and feel at ease.

PRISCILLA BROWN, '28.



The *Semaphore*, Stoughton, Mass.
 The *Spice Box*, Avon, Mass.
 The *Student's Pen*, East Bridgewater, Mass.
 The *Distaff*, Boston, Mass.
 The *Quill*, Kingston, Mass.
 The *Echo*, Canton, Mass.
 The *Pilgrim*, Plymouth, Mass.
 The *Hanoverian*, Hanover, Mass.
 The *Climber*, West Bridgewater, Mass.
 The *Menotomy Beacon*, Arlington, Mass.
 The *Burdett Lion*, Boston, Mass.
 The *Meteor*, Berlin, N. H.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The poetry department in the *Pilgrim* is fine. The poem entitled "A Moonlight Fantasy," written by V. Bailey, '26, is especially well done. Also, the cover design is unique.

We consider the cover design on the *Menotomy* the best yet. Y's Krax is a good title, but the material in this column could be improved.

We suggest that the *Quill* develop an exchange column.

We enjoyed the articles concerning "Winter Sports" in the *Meteor*, but we missed the stories.

The titles heading the Class Notes in the *Student's Pen* are particularly good.

The appearance of the *Hanoverian* would be improved if the advertisements were not scattered through the magazine.

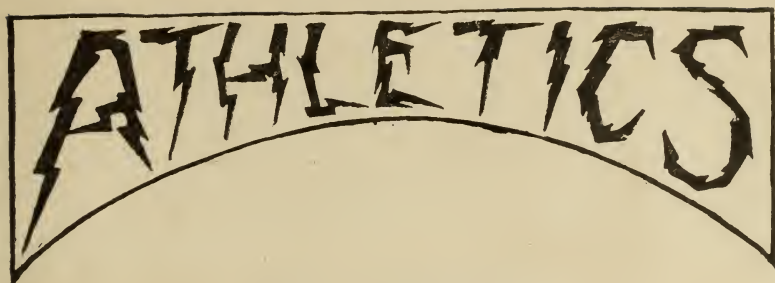
The Alumni editor of the *Semaphore* has certainly done her duty.

The *Enterprise* has arranged its paper neatly. We suggest that they use more striking colors to bring out their cover design.

We enjoyed the article in the *Distaff* telling of its source. Their cuts are appropriate and well drawn.

GERTRUDE WHERITY, '28.

KATHERINE SOMERS, '28.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BASEBALL NOTES

The Scituate High School Girls' Baseball Team of 1926 had a very successful season. They won every game they played and as a result were challenged by the "Dearest Enemy" Chorus Girls' Baseball Team. The challenge was accepted and the game was played at the Civic Center. It was a very unusual game and the High School girls showed their ability in playing baseball when they defeated "Dearest Enemy," 10-9.

A few days later an invitation was received from Helen Ford, star of "Dearest Enemy," to witness the performance of the show at the Tremont Theatre. A party of sixteen attended the show and thoroughly enjoyed it.

The baseball team was composed of the following girls: Rose Hernan, catcher; Glea Cole, pitcher; Catherine Murphy, captain and first baseman; Sally Murphy, third baseman; Gretchen Schuyler, short stop; Ethel Stonefield, left field; Velma Ainslee, right field; Ruth LaVange, manager.

The girls will be awarded white letters.

The team's record for last year is:

Marshfield 7.....	Scituate 42
Hingham 18.....	Scituate 26
Cohasset 3.....	Scituate 33
Hingham 6.....	Scituate 17
Marshfield 2.....	Scituate 87
Cohasset 2.....	Scituate 15
Bridgewater 6.....	Scituate 32
Bridgewater 3.....	Scituate 30
"Dearest Enemy," 9.....	Scituate 10

 TRACK NOTES

Girls' athletics began in earnest toward the latter part of September, 1926, when a call was issued for a track team. About thirty girls answered the summons and reported every Monday and Wednesday afternoon for practice under the direction of Mr. Riley. Pits for broad and high jumping were made and running was practised on the track.

Considering that this is the first time the girls have tried a project like this, exceptionally good progress was made.

BASKET BALL NOTES

When basket ball practice was begun, the out-of-door court was used only for a short time. Now the girls are practising on the inside court. Only two girls are left from last year's team, Ethel Stonefield and Glea Cole, but some very promising players are getting into shape and it is hoped that the team will do as good work as last year's team.

Miriam Tilden was re-elected manager and is planning her schedule.

GLEA COLE, '27.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Owing to the expense of the project, football was not taken up in the school this fall.

Track, however, took an important place in the fall activities. Early in the year under the direction of the coach, Mr. Riley, a group of about twenty-five boys were on the track almost every day. High jumping, broad jumping and running featured the practices. The boys on the squad are looking forward to an all-high-school meet to be held in June.

The first call for candidates for basket ball practice was answered by about thirty students who came to the first practice. After about a week of practising the squad was cut to ten men.

Those retained on the squad are as follows: Captain Quinn, Jenkins, Stanley, Whitaker, Stewart, Short, Stone Merritt, Chase and Prouty.

There are many of last year's men on the squad and a good season is expected.

Last year's baseball results were as follows:

Scituate	20.....	Marshfield	1
Scituate	5.....	Duxbury	8
Scituate	2.....	Kingston	0
Scituate	4.....	Norwell	6
Scituate	13.....	Cohasset	2
Scituate	17.....	Marshfield	0
Scituate	5.....	Kingston	7
Scituate	2.....	Norwell	5
Scituate	3.....	Hanover	4
Scituate	13.....	Duxbury	7
Scituate	8.....	Hanover	-9
Scituate	15.....	Cohasset	9

A new coach, Robert F. Riley, a graduate of Clark University, was greeted by the students this year. We wish Mr. Riley the best of success in all his undertakings.

The Athletic Association has not been organized as yet this year. However, it is expected that before the "CHIMES" is issued, the organization will be completed.

JOHN STEWART, '29.

JOKES

Paul Quinn: "What is that I smell?"

Delly Rice: "Fertilizer."

Quinn: "For the land's sake."

* * *

Bill J.: "Heard the new waiter song?"

Davy: "No. What is it?"

Bill: "Show me the waiter go home."

* * *

Delly: "A Jewish lady took me for Doug Fairbanks today."

Whitt: "Howzat?"

Delly: "I gave her my seat in the car and she said, 'Don Q.'" (Thank you.)

* * *

Mr. Gillespie: "Dwight, how would you measure the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Dwight: "With a speedometer."

* * *

Short: "Cal has a trick car."

Chase: "You don't say."

Short: "Ya, it plays dead in the most inconvenient places."

* * *

Glea: "Have you heard the new asthma song?"

Ruth: "No."

Glea: "Yes, sir, asthma baby."

* * *

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his head.

* * *

Sturgy: "Do you know Felix?"

Mal M.: "Felix who?"

Sturgy: "Felix Cited."

* * *

Bill J.: "I bought a dog last night and paid \$500 for him. He is part police and part bull."

Grunt: "What part was bull?"

Bill: "The part I paid \$500 for."

* * *

Motorcycle cop: "What's your name?"

Kenny: "Roger. What's yours?"

* * *

Haartz: "What is it a sign of, when your nose itches?"

Prouty: "Company is coming."

Haartz: "What if your head itches?"

Prouty: "Company has arrived."

* * *

"I am not the cake eater I used to be," said Grandpa as he refused his fifth slice.

Quinn, singing: "Women mean nothing to me."

Bong, playing trombone: "Blah!"

* * *

If William Jenkins went out riding in his Ford and ran out of gas and was forced to push it to school, could you say the Ford was moved by Will power?

* * *

Miss Howe: "What is cold boiled ham?"

Glea: "Oh! Just ham boiled in cold water."

* * *

Pinkey: "How is the shoe business?"

Jack Burke: "It is very trying off and on."

* * *

Mitchell: "Gosh, you're dumb. Why don't you get an encyclopedia?"

Smith: "The pedals hurt my feet."

* * *

Stanley: "I'd like to buy a diamond necklace for my steady."

Floor walker: "Glass ware in Aisle 13."

* * *

Miriam: "A great poet met an ironical fate the other day."

Grace: "How?"

Miriam: "He starved to death with a volume of Bacon in his hand."

* * *

Mr. Gillespie: "This is the third time you have looked at Smith's paper."

Young: "Yes, sir, he doesn't write very plainly."

OLD TINSIDES

Ay, tear her battered fenders off!

Long have they rattled loud,

And many an eye has glanced to see

Her groan beneath a crowd.

Beneath her hood the engine knocked,

Of lights she had but one.

Her tires were worn out long ago,

Her exhaust was like a gun.

Her sides were covered with wise remarks,

And collegiate pictures galore;

Her top was torn and ripped to shreds.

No boards were on the floor.

No more shall we see that old antique

Come rattling down the road, —

The harpies of the junkpile

Have added her to their load.

FRANK WHITTAKER, '27.

Compliments

of

Walter Haynes

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The above examples emphasize the fact that

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for
All Kinds of People

We are Local Headquarters
for All Your Needs

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Fruits and Groceries

All Kinds of
SHOE REPAIRING

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88-3

88-4

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